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VOICES *from the* VALLEY

WARREN WOOD

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VOICES FROM THE VALLEY

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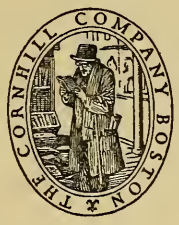
BY

WARREN WOOD

Author of
"The Tragedy of the Deserted Isle"
"When Virginia Was Rent in Twain"



"Whoever would understand the poet must go into the poet's country."

THE CORNHILL COMPANY
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"My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream,
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp, and what is writ, is writ —
Would it were more worthier!"

CHILDE HAROLD — clxxxv

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VOICES FROM THE VALLEY

VOICES FROM THE VALLEY

I hear the voices of the past
Amid the trees,
Stirred by the breeze
From far-off seas,
Whispering of hands that nurtured,
Souls that strived,
And loves that last.

I hear the voices of to-day,
From palace car,
And from afar
There comes the jar
Of dull, discordant sounds, the moil
Of mart and mill.
Life's strife alway.

I hear the voices of afterwhile,
As in a dream,
And things that seem
To catch a gleam
From distant shores, declare there'll be
No carking care
Where angels smile.

LA BELLE RIVIERE

"Beautiful river," with thy dark-green waters,
Flowing silently on to the sea;
Never complaining of the life-laden burdens,
Thou art ever bearing onward with thee.
Unbroken wildwood far away was thy birthplace,
'Mid the crags, where men toil in the mine;
Mountain-mist dewdrops thy infancy nourished;
The twin-rivers' greeting was thine.

Primeval forest to thy borders extended;
Wild-flowers shed their fragrance like incense below;
Milk-white blossoms fell like snow on thy bosom,
Borne down with thy waters that hitherward flow.
Waterfowl bathed in thy current pelucid;
Fleet-footed deer slaked their thirst on thy shore;
Red-men-of-the-forest launched their frail water-craft
On the La Bell Riviere of yore.

Gaul and Briton for thy fair woodlands contended;
Here they were met in a wilderness war,
But the Fleur-de-lis, and St. George and the Dragon,
Were vanquished in turn and driven afar.

Then pioneer heroes, with ax and with rifle,
Seeking for homes near thy sylvan-fringed stream,
Laid the foundation of populous cities,
That rose in the Valley like Aladdin's dream.

Unheeding the changes that human endeavor,
Abetted by Time's relentless hand;
Ice-bound and frowning in dreary winter;
With thy smiles in springtime gladdening the land.
"Beautiful river!" with thy dark-green waters,
Flowing silently on to the sea;
May thy constant progress through sunshine and shadow,
Teach a life-long lesson to me.

INDIAN SUMMER

The misty haze of autumn days
Rests on woodland and wold;
There's a tang in the air,
Of these mornings so rare,
When the trees are all crimson and gold.

The mellow haze of autumn days
Fills the valley and vale,
And the cornshocks stand
Like a warrior band,
With tasseled helmets and coats of mail.

The purple haze of autumn days
Falls on river and rill,
And their ripples shine
Like ruby wine,
When the sun sets over the hill.

The golden haze of autumn days
Brightens life's labor and love,
When on woodland and river,
The Bountiful Giver,
Sheds the glory of heaven above.

A MANSION, OLD AND GRAY

Many, many miles away,
Stands a mansion, old and gray;
Shaded by the maple trees,
Fanned by every passing breeze,
Fairer sight one never sees,
Than that mansion, old and gray;
Many, many miles away.

Many, many miles away,
Stands that mansion, old and gray;
Reared by hands clasped 'neath the mold,
Loved by hearts grown still and cold,
Gilded by the sunset's gold,
Stands that mansion, old and gray;
Many, many miles away.

Many, many miles away,
'Round that mansion, old and gray;
Children gather in a throng,
With merry shout and joyful song,
There they frolic all day long,
'Round that mansion, old and gray;
Many, many miles away.

Many, many miles away,
In that mansion, old and gray;
Loved ones often watch and wait,
For my step within the gate,
When I tarry long or late,
From that mansion, old and gray;
Many, many miles away.

HARRY'S PICTURE

That's Harry's picture,
O'er the mantel-tree;
And his love for me,
Can ne'er be told
In words or gold,
Dear Harry.

That's Harry's picture,
With his golden hair,
And his face so fair;
With his eyes so blue,
And his heart so true,
That's Harry.

That's Harry's picture,
In the gilded frame;
And the night he came,
No word was spoken,
For my heart was broken,
For Harry.

That's Harry's picture,
Where the colors twine,
And the sabers shine —
His sword was his pride;
For the old flag he died,
Brave Harry.

That's Harry's picture,
With its wreath of flowers,
But the bitter hours,
And the trailing vine,
Alas, are mine,
O Harry!

HOME ENOUGH FOR ME

Whar's my home? Wall, down in West Virginie,
I s'pose,
Seein' I've got a farm down thar.'
Some fellers at home wherever they've got their
clothes;
Others say, " Whar' their hats is off," but so far's
that goes;
That is, so far's I can see;
Any ole place, whar' little wife an' babies are
Is home enough fer me.

Nice ole homestead down thar', with picters on
the wall,
An' Brussels in the parler;
New peaner, too, an' everything from hall
To garret's purty comfortable, but that cuts no
figger with me at all,
When it comes to heart an' feelin's ez I can see;
Any ole place, whar' little wife and babies are
Is home enough fer me.

Some folks like the country, an' others dote on
town,
But I'm not so particular.
Some love springtime an' roses, or the fields
a-turnin' brown;

But give me the winter's frost and sparkle, or
the snow a-comin' down,
With love aroun' the hearth an' a fire that I
can see;
Any ole place, whar' little wife an' babies are
Is home enough fer me.

AFTERWHILE

Afterwhile, life's burdens will be lighter;
Our fancied wrongs, sometime seem slighter;
Hope's dimming star from afar grow brighter,
Afterwhile.

Afterwhile, our quest shall solve the secrets hidden;
Far-strayed feet find ways our souls have stridden;
The joy of peace crown brows unbidden,
Afterwhile.

Afterwhile, we'll glimpse the things now holden;
Loved ones long lost shall be enfolden
In arms and hearts now empty, in the golden
Afterwhile.

BENEATH THE SNOW

My way lies buried beneath the snow,
And I wander afield under leaden skies,
Trying to trace its outlines dim,
Where the Valley bends and the hilltops rise.

My hope lies buried beneath the snow,
Where the flowers faded ere they fell;
And the grasses withered before their time,
With the cherished dream I dare not tell.

My heart lies buried beneath the snow,
In a lowly mound, where the Valley bends
And I wander on toward the hills, forlorn;
Nor way, nor hope, nor life can make amends.

PATIENCE

Patience, complaining one;
For thee the sun shall rise,
With healing for all thy hurt;
Thy goal shall gain the prize.

Patience, oh sorrying one;
At noontide shall break away
The clouds that hide thy path
And vision of a fairer day.

Patience, oh weary one;
With the sunset cometh rest;
After thy day's work is done,
Thou shalt slumber with the blest.

MAMMA'S LULLABY

De sun'z gone down o' de mountains blue —
  Mammy's li'l baby;
An' de squinch-owl sings, to-whit-to-whoo —
  Mammy's li'l lady;
An' de night-win' sighs, an' de squinch-owl cries;
  What'll-I-do-wif-you —
  Mammy's li'l baby?

  Fly 'way, yo' can't hev my lady!
  Hie 'way o' de mountains, so shady!
  W'en de moonbeams come down,
  She'll be safe in Shut-eye town;
  Wid mammy's arms aroun'
  'Er own li'l baby.

De sun'z gone down o' de mountains blue —
  Mammy's li'l baby;
An' de whip-poo'-will sings, what'll-poo'-will-do—
  Mammy's li'l lady;
An' de night-win' sighs, an' de whip-poo'-will
      cries;
  What'll-poo'-will-do-wif-you —
  Mammy's li'l baby!

THE NAMING OF RAVENSWOOD

There's city and town
In valley, on down,
Reared afield where the forest once stood,
But the "Beautiful river,"
With its shine and shiver,
Runs by none so fair as Ravenswood.

O'er the mountain crest,
The pioneers press'd
Toward this valley famed for fruitage and food;
George Washington's heirs,
The Clan Fitzhugh bears
The honor of founding Ravenswood.

Then the land was young,
And the wild flowers sprung,
And the restless raven reared her brood
Near the forest view,
Where the hamlet grew,
And they called it Ravenswood.

Some say the name
Of the village came
From a far-away land of highland and hood;
That over the sea,
From Walter Scott, we
Borrowed the name of Ravenswood.

From castle or cot,
It now matters not;
The titles we hold are equally good;
For there's no better right,
Or more beautiful sight
Than found in the name of Ravenswood.

UNDER THE PINES

'Twas the Wilderness fight,
And the dawn of day
Fell through the pines, on Blue and Gray
In ranks, under the murmuring pines,
The moaning pines.

'Twas the Wilderness fight,
And the glint of steel
And shock of battle made men reel,
And fall, under the murmuring pines,
The moaning pines.

'Twas the Wilderness fight,
And the moon looked through
The green, on Gray and Blue,
Asleep, under the murmuring pines,
The moaning pines.

MY OWN WEST VIRGINIA

West Virginia's hills are green;
  Kissed by sunshine, and the sheen
Of sparkling waters run between,
  My own West Virginia.

How I love your castled walls,
  Where the tumbling torrent falls;
Cliff and crag, my heart enthralls,
  My own West Virginia.

Setting sun aslant the hills,
  On golden grain and rippling rills;
Garnered peace and plenty fills,
  My own West Virginia.

Wealth untold in mine and mold,
  Flocks and herds within thy fold;
Hill and valley teem with gold,
  My own West Virginia.

Summer's sun and winter's snow,
  Mountain-top and vale below,
Alike with life and health aglow,
  My own West Virginia.

Here manhood stalks, and maidens charm;
  Eyes are bright and hearts are warm,
In the town and on the farm,
  My own West Virginia.

Free from serf and toil-oppressed,
  Land beyond all other blest;
In thy bosom let me rest,
  My own West Virginia.

CROSSING THE FORD

What's that? No — not dead!
  Killed while crossing the ford!
You heard the letter read —
  And have brought me his broken sword!

Father — help me pray!
  May Thy will on earth be done —
Through the thickest of the fray —
  Charge them as they run!

Go on! I'll keep still,
  Though heart is cold and brain's aflame —
Saw him reel and fall —
  And heard him call my name!

And then — That's all?
  Sent — Give me that golden curl —
Hold me, lest I fall —
  My poor head is all a-whirl.

Yes — leave me awhile;
  For my heart is turned to stone —
How I long for his loving smile;
  Must I tread the wine-press alone?

But stay! I'm weary —
  Let my aching head be lowered;
Earth seems so dreary,
  As I am crossing the ford.

REVERIE

Violet hills and golden sky,
Mirrored in the river wandering nigh;
Along the shore winds sweep and sigh;
Amid the beeches rain-crows cry,
Where once we played and said good-bye.

SHOWERS OF GOLD

Showers of gold — Showers of gold!
Easy to grasp and light to hold;
Not from the wealth of Ophir's veins,
Nor the hidden mines beyond the plains,
But tumbling down from the maple trees,
And borne away by every breeze,
Are the showers of gold,
That are easy to grasp, and light to hold.

Showers of gold — Showers of gold!
Easy to grasp and light to hold;
Not from the sheen of sunset skies,
Nor the fabled urns, where rainbows rise,
But drifted in piles 'neath the maple trees,
Treasures most fair for him who sees,
Are the showers of gold,
That are easy to grasp, and light to hold.

WOULD IT MATTER

If we were to meet 'mid the strife of the street,
And then drift away in the wake of the sea,
With the ebb and the flow as the tides come and
go,
Would it matter to you or to me?
If we were to meet some day,
And then drift far away,
Would it matter to you or to me?

If we were to know as the days come and go,
And the years bear us on as they flee,
We would meet some time, that your hand would
clasp mine,
Would it matter to you or to me?
If we were to meet some day,
And then drift far away,
Would it matter to you or to me?

RESURGENCE

Weary of the world wars;
Soul-sick of carnage and strife;
Oppressed with the death-toll of Mars,
The sacrificial waste of life,
I seek for relief and rest
Far from the haunts of men,
Where in springtime the robins nest,
That content may come again.

Stretched in the beechen shade,
Where the river wanders by,
With rippling tints that glint and fade,
'Neath the blue of an autumn sky;
I hearken to the call of quail,
Watch the blackbirds' flight o'er the corn,
Faith gleams like some far-off sail —
'Mid healing winds is peace re-born.

CALVARY

It was scarce one week ago to-day
He rode with high resolve, face strange set.
Palms and vestments tapestried the way
O'ertopping fair Mount Olivet.
"Behold the King!" they cry, "Hosanna!"

The human tides from far-sundered strands
Surged round him in an eddying stream
Of upturned faces and lifted hands.
"All hail to Israel's hope — the world's dream!"
Such plaudits were paid by pilgrim bands.

Dew lay on the stained olive leaves like tears,
And trampled flowers their sweet incense shed
Unheeded by the crass crowd whose cheers
Re-echoed from the host that led
On to the city. No lurking fears.

As they turned the hill the sunlight shone
Down on the towers of marble and gold;
It touched His heart for He loved His own,
And would have sheltered them in His fold,
If they had known — if they had but known.

They were amazed who beheld His grief,
But were so dulled by their passion for power:
Their craving for crowns, and for the chief
Places; they discerned not His love nor His hour,
Hastening to make its fleeting more brief.

So He rode amidst the joyous train
Down tented slopes to the mantled gate
With waving palms; throngs chanting their strain.
The city was stirred, but awoke too late;
It had rejected the Messiah's reign.

To-day He toils toward Golgotha's brow,
While the fear-stricken few hurries by.
Where the palm-branches — the shouting? How
The rabble cry, "Crucify! Crucify!"
This, the homage they render Him now.

Dark broods Gethsemane where He prayed
And Pilate's hall, with its scourge and thorn crown,
While near Him trails the cross, but undismayed
He faces the goal without a frown;
Though His forehead bleeds and His back is flayed.

Sharp are the spikes and sharper the spear,
For the One who encounters priestly ban.
Some stand afar; the mob presses near.
May God forgive! Let him look who can.
Light with darkness strives. "Love casts out fear."

THE OLD HOME SILENT

The old home is silent to-night —
I sit in the shadow and ponder its plight;
But one week agone 'twas radiant with light
And love and laughter, and bright
With good cheer, with flowers and song;
Fair were the faces, hands warm, hearts strong
With high hopes. Now the hours grow long,
For the old home is silent to-night.

The old home is silent to-night,
And its soul seems to have taken its flight
With the music and laughter, and a blight
Has touched the flowers that faded with the light
That vanished with the fair ones, and the strong.
Far from its portals, the banqueting and song,
They've left an empty void. Now the hours grow long,
For the old home is silent to-night.

THE WIND'S CARNIVAL

The winds held high carnival
O'er a whitened world.
On the bleak highlands they raged,
Through the forest they swirled.
Drunk with the foam of Northern seas,
They held wild revel 'mid swaying trees,
  Last night.
The lifting winds,
The sifting winds,
The drifting winds.

They rattled the swaying shutters,
Tugged at the yielding doors;
They crept through the listening keyholes,
And over the shivering floors.
They roared round the grim old walls,
Unleashed furies from Woden's halls,
  Last night.
The sweeping winds,
The creeping winds,
The weeping winds.

They raced the Valley's glistening track,
And sometimes wandered afield,
Where the best-loved come not back;
Whose doors and casements did not yield.
There the winds their vigils kept,
Unheeded by the brave that slept,
  Last night.
The prying winds,
The crying winds,
The dying winds.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART

Give me your little hand,
  Sweetheart.
Could you but understand
That I love you as I say,
It would hurt me less
When I am far away.
  Good-bye, sweetheart!

  Good-bye, sweetheart,
  Kiss me ere we part,
  And if we should ever
  Meet again, we'll never
  Part again, forever.
  Good-bye sweetheart!

Let me look into your eyes,
  Sweetheart.
They are blue as the sunny skies
On a summer day.
Will they drop a tear for me
When I am far away?
  Good-bye, sweetheart!

Let me press your lips to mine,
Sweetheart.
They are like ruby wine
When the world is sad and gray.
Will they drop a prayer for me
When I am far away?
Good-bye, sweetheart!

A ROSE IDYL

There were roses trained by the cottage gate;
Roses bourgeoning round the low lattice door;
Roses clambering where the robins mate;
Roses scattered o'er the old oaken floor;
Roses blooming early, and roses late;
Roses gardened on a far-away shore;
Roses growing at a riotous rate;
Roses clustering, and roses creeping o'er;
Roses foreign-named — *d'Arc and Sarasate;*
Roses for artist's skill and poet's lore;
Roses fast fading, and roses that wait;
Roses of fairy fragrance — a full score;
But the sweetest rose of all — Sad fate —
Was my own wild rose that will bloom no more.

S–AVE O–UR S–HIP

On the weltering sea the twilight gray
Had folded its wings and slipped away
Into the far bourne of yesterday.
Still the ocean liner ploughed the main,
Farther into the forbidden lane;
The dark waters sang a sad refrain,
As onward she was gliding, gliding.

'Twas the Irish sea, and one lap more
The fearsome voyage would be o'er;
Hearts grew lighter as they neared the shore.
Some sought their berths to dream or to rest;
Some passed time with story, game or jest;
A few trod the deck with those they loved best,
As onward she was speeding, speeding.

On the bridge the captain his vigil kept,
As the heavy hours toward midnight crept,
Peering through the gloom while others slept,
For well he knew this dark hunting-ground,
Where many a ship her grave had found,
The fated prey of some sub-sea-hound,
As onward she was bounding, bounding.

Eleven-thirty, the bridge-clock bell
Was sounding the signal, "All is well."
Alas! It was the Laconia's knell —
A crash with the last stroke of the clock
Made the mighty leviathan rock;
Her vitals were rent with the torpedo's shock,
As onward she was plunging, plunging.

Brave hearts were seized with a nameless dread,
But no cries were heard, no panic spread;
Only a drowsy plaint from some child led
With the hurrying crowd where the lifeboats swung,
Or a prayer when launching, but closer they clung,
For one its freight into the sea had flung,
As blindly she was reeling, reeling.

Two mere youths down in the wireless room
Stuck to their post in the deadly gloom,
As souls went scurrying to their doom;
Fighting for time with a courage rare,
They ticked their message into the air
While the swells rolled in the rockets' glare,
As lower she was listing, listing.

Calmly they looked out on the tragic fray,
As with set jaws they ticked away,
S. O. S. in monotonous lay.
Was there none to heed their doleful cry?

None but the enemy standing by;
Another torpedo he let fly,
As helpless she was stag'ring, stag'ring.

The big ship shook from stem to stern;
'Twas a deed to make their stanch hearts burn —
And would there never come their turn?
Still they heard the tread of shuffling feet,
Saw fear-haunted shadows in retreat,
The dangerous dangling of the lifeboat fleet,
As slowly she was sinking, sinking.

The launching — thank heaven — was bravely o'er,
A lady and the captain last to lower,
Save the wireless lads, brave to the core.
The waves were licking the decks with greed,
When waving their hands they followed their lead,
With a great leap toward where there was need,
'Mid the wreckage she was leaving, leaving.

TO A GARDEN LILY

Queen of the dewy bower,
By right of royal beauty
And thine own loveliness;
In presence of such comeliness
Homage becomes a duty.
Humbly I salute thy Grace,
When to the sun thy morning-face
Thy waxen petals doth unfold
A coronet of gold
From out their snow-white glory.
Fragrant at morn as jasmine,
Fairy-like beneath the star-shine,
A charmed circle waits thy story,
Enthroned within, their Queen-flower.

THE OLD BEECH TREE

Oh, here's a song to the old beech tree,
With his valiant air, though denuded, he stands
In unconscious grace, where the farming lands
Slant down to the river. Here many hands,
Drifting away like its shifting sands,
Have waved adieu to the old beech tree.

Oh, here's a hail to the old beech tree,
With his spreading arms, like some Druid old,
Upheld in prayer and unheeding the cold,
Or the tempest-blast of Boreas bold;
His gnarled thews safe-anchored in the mold,
With the Titan grasp of the old beech tree.

Oh, here's a lilt to the old beech tree,
In springtime robed in a mantle of green,
Atune with droning bees; his leafy screen
A-tremble with songs where robins preen
And thrushes nesting. 'Tis a fairy scene
In the region of the old beech tree.

Oh, here's a glee to the old beech tree,
A brave old knight of a far-distant day,
His silvered mail carved in archaic way
With names forgotten. Where the children play
Lover's troths were plighted and friends were gay.
What memories cling to the old beech tree.

FOR YOU

My spirit calls for you,
Across the storm-swept sea,
Where fiercer tides beat out their wrath,
And shrapnel mows a crimson path;
Amid the frightful aftermath,
Or flushed with victory,
My spirit calls for you.
My heart goes out to you
Beyond the littoral,
Entrenched in lines that lead away,
Where toppling ruins mark the fray,
And death stalks there by night and day;
Whatever may befall,
My heart goes out to you.

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN

Give of your substance, your spirit, your life's
quest,
Without thought of recompense;
Be not surprised if no strange thing happen;
Indulge no fear; make no pretense
Of vain regret. With God, the rest.

Give of your hope, your joy, your love's best;
Withhold not — your blood if need be —
Count not your life; such seed well sown
If others after a harvest see.
What of the reapers? With God, the rest.

Give of your patience, your striving, your heart's
best;
All given, the goal beckons before.
Look not behind. What exchange for one's soul?
What more? How narrow the door!
Unburdened, press on. With God, the rest.

MARCH

The skies are drab;
The fields are brown;
A snow-white mantle clings to the trees, and gray
Mist floats o'er the
Red roofs of the town,
While the wind moans on the hills and far away.

WHICH

Have the courage to sail
In the teeth of the gale
Or seek your flight in a clearer sky;
Soar with the lark who sings
Far on unwearied wings,
Or drift like a wind-blown butterfly.

ADVENTURE

A lowering sky, a listless world,
Trees standing stark by the river side—
A song-bird high, a breeze unfurled,
I launch my bark on the rising tide.

IN THE WAKE OF THE FLAG

I hear the tramp of a million men above the clarion
call "To arms!"
From the silent hills and sunlit plain, from the
city's din and green-walled farms,
They're falling in line with swinging stride, awak-
ened by war's wild alarms.
There's the bugle's blare, the thrilling drums, and
the far cry of a travailing world;
Without shouting or tumult they come — well
may the foe blanch when they're hurled
In Armageddon, where Titans strive, their ban-
ners unstained and unfurled,
In the wake of the flag they're marching on.

I see them marshalling in serried lines, torn from
the arms of those most dear;
With a smile on their lips they turn away, un-
ashamed of the pent-up tear.
When shall they meet their loved again? From
the tense throng comes a parting cheer;
The rising tide in waves unbroken, a tawny flood
sweeps out to the sea.
Heroic host in a day uprisen, a nation rallying for
liberty —
Round stars and stripes they're surging, singing,
marching away to victory,
In the wake of the flag they're marching on.

BLENNERHASSETT ISLE

There's a low-lying island off the shore of Belpre,
Stretching away like a reef of coral at sea,
With its cottonwood crescent and fringing willows that quiver
And droop on the bosom of the "Beautiful river."

In some wilderness æon, so the old chroniclers tell,
Red warriors roamed this crossway; here they fought and some fell.
Where slow-footed lovers wend unfrequented ways,
Lay the trails of the hunted in those far-away days.

On the low headland above, where the Kanawha runs down,
The brooding forest hedged in the old pioneer town,
With its crude clustered cabins, its hoof-beaten square,
And a log courthouse that dispensed stern justice there.

From their coigne of vantage on the Virginia shore,
Its dwellers scanned the shining river and landscape o'er,
And the fair isle that below, a glimpse of Paradise lay
Miraged in the widening waters as they drifted away.

On a spring day redolent with fragrant growing things,
Vibrant with echoing voices and the eerie whir of wings,
They watched a lumbering shallop with its venturing band
Floating down to its mooring on the glistening sand.

'Twas an old-world voyager, dreaming a new-world dream;
With besetting care cumbered he followed the gleam,
But Fate with strange irony was web-weaving anew,
Her entangling meshes around his Island view.

From out blossoming thickets and mint-margined aisles,
Sweet frankincense is wafted, a feathered chorus beguiles
Him, with a fusillade of song to the droning fugue of bees,
Foraging 'mid wild violets and vigorous anemones.

In this primeval Eden wood-thrushes were singing
And crested cardinals mating when he set axes ringing;
Where wide-canopied beeches shaded the sweet-scented mold,
He reared a white-winged palace like some baron of old.

Filled with finely-carved furnishing wrought by skilled craftsmen hands,
Broidered draperies and silken stuffs from looms in foreign lands,
And with rare books and paintings, and carpetings beflowered
In pattern Oriental, his fair bride was endowered.

The wanderer havened safely, yet in an evil hour
He yields a willing victim to ambition's lust of power,
Nature's sponsoring fingers would fain his heartache ease,
His many-pillared mansion woos him from Southern seas.

In its enchanted chambers clans severed oft were met,
'Neath glowing candelabra, in the stately minuet.
Dark eyes brightened with the glamour, deep signaled unto deep;
Hearts and feet were set flying with music's swirl and sweep.

Again the shimmering moonlight falls where the
mansion stood,
And whispering winds make music like harps-
strings in the wood;
The murmuring river lingers, crooning the story
o'er,
Of the deserted island and the days that come no
more.

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